The Godly Mans Instructions:

OR,

The Dying Mans last Words to his Children.

We Sinners all, do see here what is Pen'd,
Let's leave our Sins, and strive our lives to mend;
And call of God in time to give us Grace,
The Judment Day is coming on a pace:
That Man is happy then as I do say,
That hath his Sins forgiven him at that day.

To the Tune of, *Aim not too High*.

GOod People all, I pray hear what I read
Unto ye same I pray you give Good heed;
It is no Fable that I do declare,
Which I will sing to you now I am here.

It is concerning of our wicked lives,
God give us Grace yt we may always strive
And call to God because we do offend,
That we may strive our wicked lives to mend

Our sins and wickedness they so abound,
It is for that God he curst the Ground:
Therefore good People let us weep and pray,
To mend our lives before the Judgment day

We do not know how soon it may appear,
Let us serve God, and then we need not fear;
And tread our path and make our way so even
That we may have a resting place in Heaven

But yet that grievious sin of Pride,
Offends the Lord it cannot be deny'd,
Which is a grievous thing for me to tell,
For want of Grace that we should so rebell.

In many places of this Land I say,
They drink and swill in a most beastly way,
Which makes the Lord to be offended sore,
God give us Grace we may do so no more,

Whoredom I say is a most beastly sin;
God give all grace a new life to begin
And leave it off and strive our lives to mend,
That we may all come to a blessed end.

But yet we have no love to one another,
We care not if we could destroy our Brother
To make us rich for to maintain our pride,
We danger Soul and Body too beside.

And yet consider what I say to you,
Ile say no more but what I know is true:
We take Gods name in vain so every day,
We danger our poor Souls this wicked way.

And Children they are now so wicked grown,
There Parents now adays they scarcely own
When they'r grown up they are so proud I say
As that their Parents they will not obey.

But still our God he is the same he was,
And seeth all things which doth come to pass:
We cannot think thought, nor say nor do,
But yet our heavenly God, he them can know.

Therefore good People let us have a care,
And never bring our Souls to such a snare,
And Children all be sure to use your skill,
First honour God, and to obey his Will.

But if you neglect what I do say,
You Souls are in a very evil way;
But yet good People call in time for grace,
The Judgment day is comming on a pace.

Then while that we are in this World alive
Let us fear God, and daily let us strive,
To leave our sins that are so wicked grown,
That Christ may take us all to be his own.

But yet there's many people I do say,
Do never think upon their dying day,
But still goes on in Wickedness,
And follows whoredome, pride, & drunkenness.

Which is a grievous thing for to behold,
That Man and Woman dare to be so bold,
For little pleasure of this worldly Wealth,
That we should danger so our own souls health

Once more I say now call to God for grace,
That all poor sinners may Gods love imbrace
For Earthly things will vanish and decay,
when death doth come & we are clad with clay.

So all good People now I end my Song,
'Tis good for to repent and go along,
In serving God and calling on him still,
If we gain Heaven we shall do well.

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(692)